

RECKLESS RALPH'S

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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## THE NOVELS OF EDWARD L. WHEELER

By "Deadwood Dick, Jr."

"Deadwood Dick." The name is synonymous with dime novels. If we think of dime novels we at once think of Deadwood Dick, and vice-versa.

While we of course cannot claim that Edward L. Wheeler was the father of dime novels, still I think that we can justly claim that he was the first author to make them famous. It is said of Wheeler, justly perhaps, that West Philadelphia was the farthest west that he ever was in his life. This however did not seem to detract from his ability to write some of the most popular western tales ever penned by any dime novel writer.

Beadle early recognized his ability to catch the popular fancy, and he always was one of the highest paid authors on the Beadle staff.

His creation of "Deadwood Dick" made him. From that time on the demand for his novels by Beadle was faster than he could supply them.

Deadwood Dick, half outlaw, half reformer, made him a very human character indeed. It is useless to go into details about the good or bad points of the Deadwood Dick tales. All readers and collectors of dime novels, have their own opinions about these. Personally I think they are the best tales of the outlaw-bandit type that I ever read.

Perhaps I am a bit prejudiced in

favor of these tales. But I read them the first time, early in youth, and they made a deep impression on me. And first impressions are strongest as we all know. While I like many of the Deadwood Dick Jr., Tales, still I consider them far inferior to the original "Dick" Tales.

Wheeler was the first dime novelist to glorify the frontier "she-ro," with "Hurricane Nell, The Girl Deadshot." This story appeared under the title of "Bob Woolf, the Border Ruffian."

He was also the first to introduce the first "she-ro" to masquerade successfully as a man. This was Calamity Jane. He was one, if not the first, dime novelist to introduce the lady detective, with his "Denver Doll" series of Tales. Wheeler was a very versatile writer. Probably more so than any other Beadle writer, with the possible exception of Capt. Fredrick Whittaker.

He was equally at home with a mining camp story, an indian story, a detective story or a road agent story.

It is conceded by collectors of Beadle items that Old Coomes, Edward S. Ellis, and Capt. J. F. C. Adams wrote the best of the Indian stories.

Wheeler's "Canada Chet" and "The Buffalo Demon" compare very favorably with anything ever put out by any of the above authors.

His mining camp stories are in a class by themselves. In my humble opinion no author can be classed with Wheeler in this field. His "Yreka Jim," "Rosebud Rob," "Denver Doll"



and "Sierra Sam" series of tales are fine examples of this class, as well as many others.

Most collectors, even collectors of Beadles' agree that Beadle authors of detective stories, as a rule put out an inferior class of literature of this class, as compared to that of other publishers, Munro, Tousey and Street and Smith all had Beadle "stopped" as to quality of detective tales.

This appears odd too. Such sterling authors as Col. Prentice Ingraham, Joseph E. Badger, Jr., Tom Harbaugh (Capt. Howard Holmes) etc., sterling authors in their chosen field, were sadly out of their element, when they tried to write detective stories.

Wheeler was one of the very few Beadle writers who could write a really presentable, interesting detective story. Good examples of these are: "Bonanza Bill, the Man Tracker," "The Ventroloquist Detective," "The Arab Detective" and "Boss Bob, King of the Bootblacks." And of course his long series of tales about Deadwood Dick, Jr.

As I said before, Wheeler delighted to write about "she-roes" who wore britches in regular "he-man" fashion. (Wonder what he would say, if alive today to see our cigarette smoking, booze-drinking, trouser wearing, modern flappers).

It was an innovation in those days to read about such characters as Calamity Jane, Denver Doll, Chip the Girl Sport, Flush Fan, the Ferret, Liza Jane, the Girl Miner etc. "Depraved creatures," our grandmas used to call them. While today, their granddaughters and great-granddaughters can drink more booze, smoke more cigarettes, and wear shorts that would put to shame any of Wheeler's "she-roes."

It has been my pleasure to read about two thirds of Wheelers novels to date. I hope someday to have the pleasure of reading the remainder.

Gilbert Patten, in his Saturday Evening Post article, "Dime Novel Days" has this to say about Wheeler.

"This dime-novel hero, (Deadwood Dick) was an especial joy of my boyhood. Recently a claimant to the name and fame of Wheeler's Wild West Robin Hood, made his appearance, but it's doubtful if the author drew from a living model.

However, in spite of his reputed unfamiliarity with the West and its people, he depicted in his Prince of the Road a picturesque character that charmed and held the youthful readers of the many tales in which he appeared. I'm forced to admit that I still fell a shadowy touch of the old thrills whenever I think of Deadwood Dick, dressed from head to foot in black, his face wholly hidden by a black mask, galloping furiously thru the grim canyons of the Black Hills, with his band of masked followers, all armed to the teeth, clattering at his heels."

Like Mr. Patten, I still feel the old thrill whenever I pick up from my novel files one of the little volumes containing a Deadwood Dick tale.

Hail, to Edward L. Wheeler, Prince of dime novel writers and his famous character, Deadwood Dick, Prince of the Road.

— "Deadwood Dick Jr" —

## THE PASSING OF DEADWOOD DICK

Deadwood Dick will ride no more

Upon the Deadwood stage,  
For sable Death has cut him down  
With Time's sharp scythe of age.

He once was young and strong and  
brave,

Was supple, quick and gay,  
But that was in the olden time—  
That time has flown away.

He rides the hills and plains no more,  
The creaking stage is still;  
He waves a last and fond farewell  
Upon yon shadowed hill.

The mystic scroll has folded in  
The life of Deadwood Dick;  
He'll walk no more with living men,  
Nor mingle with the quick.

He'll lie beneath the flowered sod  
In long and dreamless sleep,  
And leave behind his lifetime friends  
Who will his mem'ry keep.

Doc Craver passed before him, but  
Old Pawnee Bill remains,  
The last of all the pioneers  
Who roamed the hills and plains.

It is a solemn calvacade  
That marches to the west;



And Richard Clark, our Deadwood  
Dick,  
Is riding with the rest.

The calvacade now waits awhile  
Upon the shadowed hill,  
It waits for Richard Tanner,  
(Diamond Dick,) and Pawnee Bill.

—Wm. Burton McCafferty

### SONG AUTHOR DIED BEFORE ITS BIRTH

**Verse She Wrote in 1922 Went on  
Air the Day After Her Death**

In 1922 a woman newspaper feature writer on the old North American wrote a verse of four lines.

It was published on the editorial page of the paper, and entitled, "I Get Along Without You Very Well." The author, Jane Brown, subsequently sold it to the old magazine Life, received her first check for a published poem, and forgot about it.

Later she married William Heyl Thompson, an architect. Last January she died after an illness of over two years, one day before her poem, set to music, had its premiere on the air, to become a popular favorite. She never heard it sung.

Soon the royalty check that should have gone to her will be sent to her husband.

Throughout the years the poem apparently was lost. When it finally came to light, set to music by Hoagy Carmichael, 48 "authors" came forward to claim credit for the lyric, and of course the royalties.

Finally, Mrs. Thompson established her claim and at the request of Mr. Thompson the publisher in New York rushed a copy of the sheet music to her at her home at 1730 Delancey St., a few days before her death.

Carmichael had been given a clipping of the poem in 1928 by an old college chum who had taken a fancy to it. He came across it again last December among some old papers, and liked its swing.

It runs like this:

"I get along without you very well. . .

Of course I do.

But I should never think of spring,

For that would surely break my  
heart in two."

Twelve lines were added by the composer when he set it to music.

### NOVEL NEWS

Have you seen the new magazines that have been coming out, especially, "Detective Dime Novels," and its companion "Western Dime Novels," the Detective Dime Novels are very interesting and I'm sure Western Dime Novels is too, although I haven't a copy of it. But if you notice how "Dime Novels," is lined up, why it makes you think of the real old timers. Oh boy, Detective Dime Novels came out April, 1940, and the Western Dime Novels came out around that date. The picture of Detective Dime Novels shows a tall man, who looks something like an old Spaniard, with grey hair, mustache and gottee, felt hat, holding a stick of dynamite lit, in his right hand, and an umbrella in his left hand, while all around him, are hands holding machine guns, and pistols, and under the picture it says: "Step up a little closer folks! Step right up and meet Dr. Thaddeus C. Harker—Harker's health hints are a headache for hunted hoods!" It's a humdinger, and published for 10c per copy by The Frank A. Munsey Co., 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Everything seems to be at a standstill, but I'm out to enliven things up, and this is the way I'm going to do it, for a start I'm going to bring out 1000 copies of the Round-Up, and see that they get well circulated. Be sure to get your ads in the next number, only 1c per word, can you beat it?

Lots of the subscribers have sent me ads, but everything is all upside-down here now, and soon's I get this number of the Roundup out, I'll see what I can do in digging out the ads. Have lots and lots of good stuff for the Roundup, but anyone having anything they'd like to have appear in Roundup, such as news, articles, ads or anything of interest, send it along. I have lots of articles that Fred T. Singleton of Coral Gables, Fla., sent me for the Roundup, serials, etc, that he had left, since the "Peeps into the Past," was discontinued, so I've promised to run them in the Roundup.

A list of all the members of 1939 will appear soon. There are also several new members who have joined up since I've been away, and their



names and addresses will appear also. Who hasn't already paid up for 1940 send your dues right away, so as not to miss a single issue.

Any one having lists or catalogues of there wants, be sure to send them to me, also anything for sale, send a list, as I may be able to use 'em. Who has No. 2 of the Small Beadles Boys Library, colored covers, pub. by M. J. Ivers & Co. I will give \$3.00 for it, if it is in nice condition. Write to the Pub. of the Roundup.

### DEAR BROTHERS, MEMBERS AND SUBSCRIBERS

Have been away from home for over a year now, a taking care of one of the old boys, Wm. J. Benners, who died at 10:25 Wed. night, April 3rd, 1940. This poor brother suffered the agonies of the damned. I know, for Mrs. Bendig, who used to be a nurse when she was young, and myself took care of Uncle Billee, as he wanted to be called by all his friends, day and night. He had a very bad cancer, and everyone that has cancer, suffers, no matter where it is. We took care of Uncle Billee all the time he was in the Skin and Cancer Hospital of Philadelphia, nearly 9 months that we spent together in this hospital, except for 2 weeks and 3 days that I was taken sick with an infection, and was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital right after Christmas. I'm not well yet, either. I was told to take care of myself, and get what rest I could and no heavy lifting. But, as I've did plenty of work since Uncle Billee died, I am in about the same condition as when I left the hospital. My brother-in-law, Ernest De Orsey, was down to help take care of me if possible, and Uncle Billee, but as the Pennsylvania Hospital didn't need any out-side helpers, that left him to help take care of Uncle Billee, until I was able to get back on the job again. Then after Ernest went home, Mrs. Bendig and myself had it real hard, until the day he died, for some nights we only had an hour of sleep, so you see, we had our hands full, as Uncle Billee was helpless from February on. Then after Uncle Billee died, Ernest came down, and stayed

with me, until May 27th, when we left for home, as we had lots to do, while we were in Phila. and the last two weeks we spent up at Ray Caldwells in Lancaster, Pa. We arrived home at 2:30 A.M. Tuesday morning, May 28th, so now I'm working for all I'm worth to get out the Dime Novel Roundup, which I am starting with the June number. The last Roundup came out last December, 1939, No. 93. So with the June issue, No. 94 will appear after its long absence, and I'm in hopes of keeping it going here after. I miss the Roundup as well as all you fellows do, and I've missed it as well as several of the other little papers that used to come out with novel news etc., in them. Some day, I expect to have a dedication number for Uncle Billee, when I have the time. I picked up quite a lot of stuff here and there, besides the collection of Uncle Billee's which was given to me. As most of Uncle Billee's collection was cloth bound books, and a few novels, and a lot of story papers. I haven't got them home yet, but am going to try to get a place ready for them, soon's I get this paper out. All paid subscribers and members will get the Roundup just the same, hereafter. I want to make the Roundup a bigger and better paper if I can, and will do all I can, with the help of every one else to make it a real paper.

I am writing this letter to you thru the pages of the Dime Novel Roundup, as I have so much to do, I hardly know which end I'm on, but here goes for a start. Wishing you all the best of luck,

I am

Very Sincerely

Reckless Ralph Cummings

P. S.

I thank all of Uncle Billee's friends for being so good to Ernest and myself while we were in Philadelphia, for they have been fine to us, and we appreciate everything and thank them all.

### SUCCESS

Horatio Alger, who wrote those rags-to-riches tales for boys of a generation ago, was a graduate of the Harvard Theological School.



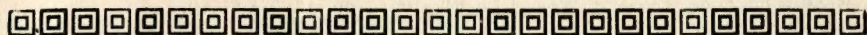
## PAGING H. ALGER—

## HIS STUFF WORKS

ST. LOUIS (AP). — William P. Lightholder, for 32 years an employe of the William J. Murray Realty Company, came to work an hour early

today.

Lightholder wasn't an employe any more. He was the owner, Miss Mary E. Murray, president, died Thursday and in her will, filed yesterday, she left Lightholder the business and \$5,000 in cash.



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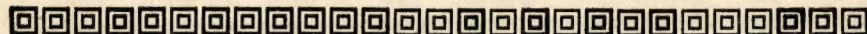
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## Ralph F. Cummings

Fisherville, Massachusetts